

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, etc.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

### SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

A very interesting little volume has recently been published in London, entitled:—*Histoire de la Secte des Amis, suivie d'une notice sur Madame Fry et la Prison de Newgate, par Madame Adèle Du Thon*. The authoress has collected an abundance of information respecting the religious principles, manners, customs, &c. of the Friends. It is seldom, we believe, that foreign ladies, who visit this country, turn their attention to such subjects; and as *Madame Du Thon's* remarks are on that account curious, besides being in themselves exceedingly interesting, we propose so to epitomize the work in this and in some of our succeeding Numbers, as to give a succinct view of their history, tenets, customs, and peculiarities. We shall commence with the following sketch of the History of the Quakers, and Memoir of George Fox, the founder of the sect.

"The commencement of the seventeenth century was a remarkable epoch in England, owing to the religious dissensions by which it was agitated.

"The establishment of the English Church had been disapproved by some, and this gave rise to the non-conformists, who were afterwards divided and subdivided into so many different sects. They gave abundant proofs of faith by the patience with which they endured the persecutions inflicted on them, through the intolerance of those who were at the head of the Established Church.

"These non-conformists, however, appear to have stopped in their search after truth, and to have fallen once again into a state of doubt; the most enlightened among them, felt the necessity of a religion more adapted to the heart than that which policy had first dictated to man. They wanted a guide to conduct them to that knowledge of truth, of which they had formed a vague idea, though they could not clearly explain it to themselves. Thus they were inclined to receive the instructions of any one, who might seem capable of directing them. They attached themselves successively to several; but finding that none possessed the spirit of instruction which they sought for, they abandoned the communion of every visible Church, and lived in retirement, studying the inward state of their souls; frequently overwhelmed with sorrow, reflecting that their efforts were insufficient for the attainment of that spiritual religion, which appeared to them the only path of salvation.

"In these turbulent times, when politics may be said to have been inseparable from religion, when war was waged in the name of God, it is not surprising that some serious

men, shocked at the noisy and warlike religion of the age, should have conceived, in the silence of retirement and meditation, a religion entirely spiritual, which, from its very contrast with the doctrines then established, was calculated to fix their minds, and take possession of their souls.

"But these individuals, though animated by the same sentiments, had no means of mutual communication, and were for the most part unknown to each other; they wanted a place of meeting, which might become, as it were, the central point of union.

"At this time an extraordinary man arose among them. George Fox, without birth, education, fortune, or any other support than the enthusiasm by which he was inspired, presented himself as the living example of the doctrine he propounded. He established as a principle, that man should be guided by spiritual influence alone; and that to attain the knowledge of truth, human learning is not necessary. In support of these opinions, this man, though destitute of all education and knowledge of the world, developed his new system with a degree of energy and perseverance, that seemed to announce a divine mission and a superior power.

"He had, as it were, unconsciously imbibed the wisdom of the sages of antiquity; and in his doctrine and system of government, the sentiments of the greatest philosophers, and the precepts of the most learned legislators, are frequently discernable. His wish to make himself known, could not be attributed to ambition; for he preached humility, contempt of riches, and the abolition of ecclesiastical dignities; and he acknowledged no other chief, no other master, than God. He did not give his name to the society he founded; he called his disciples *Friends*, a term which he applied to all men—and hence arose the denomination of the sect of the *Friends*.

"The term Quakers, by which they are more generally known, was applied to them in derision. It is said that they experienced a physical agitation when they spoke, and that they exhorted a magistrate of Derby to quake in the name of God.

"George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, was born at Drayton in Leicestershire, in 1624. His father, who was a weaver, was distinguished for piety and virtue, and he gave his son a strictly religious education. Young Fox was bound apprentice to a shoemaker; but it appears that he spent the greater part of his time in tending sheep, an occupation which well accorded with his taste for solitude and meditation. At the age of nineteen, happening to be in company with some persons, who had the reputation of being religious, he was shocked to see them indulge in intemperance, and he thought

he heard the voice of God exclaim:—"Fly from these men, both young and old; abandon them, and keep away from them all." Struck with these words, he left his family and friends, clothed himself in a leathern dress, as being most simple and durable, and wandered from place to place. After some time, his parents learned that he was in London; they hastened thither and persuaded him to return home, where they hoped he would settle and make choice of a profession. He had, however, been but a short time with his family, when he resumed his wandering life. He fasted, and withdrew to solitary places; carrying along with him a bible which he read continually, and frequently reposing in the hollow of a tree, wholly abandoned to meditation.

"He occasionally attended the public discourses of the different teachers of his age. They however, never afforded him satisfaction, and he lost all hope of acquiring by means of lessons, the spiritual succour necessary for his soul. He no longer attended Church, and felt convinced that University learning did not impart the knowledge of truth, nor qualify a minister of the gospel.

"Towards the end of 1647, or the beginning of 1648, he thought himself called upon to diffuse the opinions he had embraced; he then taught publicly in the neighbourhood of Duckenfield and Manchester. He insisted on his intimate certainty and conviction of the inward power of the influence of the spirit of God, which impresses on the heart the coming of Christ, and which alone, without the aid of outward things, is sufficient to guide man, and to enable him to distinguish truth from error.

"Fox also regarded those marks of respect which men pay to each other, as the mere remnants of paganism; he therefore never uncovered, even in the presence of magistrates; and addressed all persons, without distinction, in the second person singular: he moreover refused to take an oath. These customs rendered him the object of infinite persecutions; but his courage and patience never relapsed.

"One day, while he was attending divine service at Nottingham, on hearing the preacher observe, that all doctrine must be derived from the Holy Scriptures, he exclaimed:—"No, doctrine comes, not merely from the Scriptures, but also from the Holy Ghost, who is the light that enlightens man." He was about to continue, but he was interrupted and conveyed to prison; the confusion which this circumstance occasioned, prevented the magistrates from repressing the multitude, who attacked Fox with stones and sticks.

"Scenes of this kind frequently occurred, and George Fox was always the victim of

his enthusiasm. He was confined among criminals, in unwholesome dungeons; but his faith remained unshaken. He refused to enlist as a soldier; and as soon as he regained his liberty, he began again to preach his doctrine.

"He made several journeys to the North of England: at Swarthmore in Lancashire, he was introduced to the family of a Judge, named Thomas Fell, whose wife he converted.

"In 1652, he was tried for blasphemy at the Lancaster assizes; but the charge not being clearly proved, he was acquitted. At Carlisle the magistrates pronounced him to be a heretic and a corruptor, and detained him in prison for six months, at the expiration of which time he was set at liberty. In 1655, he returned to Drayton, his native town, where he employed himself in preaching, and holding religious conferences; and at length he was sent prisoner to Cromwell, who required that he should give him a written promise not to bear arms against the existing government. Cromwell held a long conversation with Fox respecting his doctrine and principles; he treated him with great kindness, and ordered that he should be restored to liberty.

"George Fox continued his evangelical travels, and visited the eastern and midland counties of England. He occupied a considerable portion of his time in arranging and preparing his writings for the press, and also in answering the pamphlets which then began to be published against his disciples. He succeeded in collecting his followers in a body, and the new sect now began to fix public attention.

"At Lancaster, he was sentenced to pay a fine of twenty marks, for not having taken off his hat in presence of the magistrates, and he was sent to prison until the fine should be paid.

"But Fox's religious principles would not permit him to pay the fine, as to have done so would in some measure have been to acknowledge himself guilty; he refused to submit to his sentence, and was in consequence sent to prison. He was thrown into a filthy dungeon, appropriated to malefactors, and was even refused a little straw to lie on. After eight months imprisonment, he addressed Cromwell, and once more regained his freedom. He arrived in London in 1656, and in an interview with the Protector, he made known to him the sufferings and persecutions of the Friends. He was, however, unable to obtain all the indulgence he wished for.

"The more the Society of Friends augmented and became known, the more it excited the fury of the priests and magistrates. George Fox, with the view of defeating the prejudices which might naturally rise up against his sect, in consequence of its not being sufficiently known, determined to travel through the whole of the United Kingdom, to promulgate his doctrine. At Edinburgh he was arraigned before the magistrates, who ordered him to quit Scotland; but though regardless of this order, he continued his journey without molestation.

"On his return to London, he had a warm

discussion with a Jesuit, who was in the suite of the Spanish Ambassador; in this discussion he evinced considerable scriptural knowledge, and uncommon subtlety and sagacity.

"Fox, on learning that the Protector intended to assume the title of king, boldly pointed out to him the folly of taking a step, which could not fail to involve him and his family in shame and ridicule.

"From 1656 to 1666, the history of George Fox is merely a narration of the various missions he undertook to propagate his principles, and the persecutions he endured: refusing to take the oath of fidelity, he remained in prison two years, but was finally liberated by Charles II. In the same year (1666) Fox began to organize a kind of government for the Friends. It was determined that they should assemble every month to arrange the affairs of the society; and these assemblies were called Monthly Meetings.

"In the year 1667, Fox travelled through different parts of England, to settle the affairs of his sect, and for this purpose he wrote to the friends of Ireland and America. In 1669 he visited Ireland; and on his return he married Margaret, the widow of Judge Fell, who had been one of the first to embrace his doctrine, during his visit to Lancaster.

"The marriage ceremony was the same as is still celebrated by the friends. Fox announced his intention to the society; and having obtained their consent, he and Margaret, at a meeting held expressly for that purpose at Bristol, publicly declared that they took each other as husband and wife. George Fox took care to arrange the affairs of the children of Margaret's first marriage so that they might not suffer by this second union.

"In 1671, Fox embarked for America, where he visited the Friends, and preached to the Indians through the medium of an interpreter.

"Shortly after his return to England, he was imprisoned at Worcester, on the charge of seducing the King's subjects. He was about to reply to this accusation and to show its absurdity, when he was asked to take the oath of fidelity; but he refused, and the Jury found him guilty.

"Fox endured great hardship during his imprisonment; his wife proceeded to London to solicit his liberation. The King was willing to grant it as a favor, but Fox demanded it as a right. He insisted on being brought to the bar of the King's Bench, and after an imprisonment of fourteen months, he at length obtained a verdict of honourable acquittal; the Judges having unanimously declared, 'that the first sentence should be considered null and void.'

"Fox afterwards spent two years at Swarthmore, and in the year 1677, he made a religious visit to several parts of Holland, with the view of promulgating his principles. In 1681, an action was instituted against Fox and his wife, for refusing to pay tithes. As he could not acknowledge the authority of an established minister, he determined not to submit to this contribution. But the law

granted no exception on the score of religious scruples, and George Fox was condemned.

"In 1684, he once more visited Holland, where he passed several weeks, and then returned to England. He had suffered greatly during his frequent imprisonments; his health rapidly declined, and he expired in 1690, having continued to preach until the end of his days.

"His writings form three folio volumes. The first contains his Journal, printed in 1694; the second, a collection of Epistles, 1698; and the third, a view of his doctrine, 1706."

*Original Letters, principally from Lord Charlemont, Edmund Burke, the Earl of Chatham, &c. to the Right Hon. Henry Flood. London. 1820. 4to. pp. 198.*

Unable to compliment the editor of this volume for any part of his labours, and having to arraign him for almost every sin of omission and commission of which he could well have been guilty; there are, nevertheless, some inherent qualities in the correspondence, which he has given to the public, which recommend his volume to our notice. It is true that he has shown bad taste in his preface, meagreness in his biographical sketch, want of judgment in the selection of many insignificant letters, and want of industry, in not adding notes explanatory of points in the text, which cannot be generally understood; but still there are some of these epistles possessing uncommon interest, not only from the characters of their writers, but from their subjects and modes of treating them; there is so much curious light thrown upon important transactions, in which the last generation of our politicians was concerned; there is such a coincidence with Bubb Dodington's Diary, in facts, and with Hamilton's Parliamentary Logic, in principles; there is such an exhibition of patriotic motives, and of ministerial seductiveness; and above all (at least for our purposes), there is so strong a mixture of literature and, if we may so say, of the practical philosophy of human nature in the work, that we feel persuaded its review will fill no incongruous place in our columns.

There are in all one hundred and eight letters; but only one from Lord Chatham, which is besides of mere commonplace, simply expressing his opinion of the utility of an effectual militia. Those from Lord Charlemont, whose patriotism appears to have been of the purest order\*, occupy about a

\* He seems to have had no scruple in being an agent, in what is now held by many to be a corrupt crime of the deepest political dye, viz. in the purchase of a seat for his friend in the House of Commons. In one of his most patriotic letters, he says, "I have seen and talked to J. Pitt. He has spoken to his friend, who has promised to give him the preference. The price cannot be exactly determined, but will probably not exceed 3000*l.*, of which it also may fall short, and should it exceed, it will be by a trifle. There will be a security, as far as that matter can be secured, of re-election: you



third of the volume, and are very fine specimens of a noble man. The next in attraction are from the Duke of Chandos, under whose influence Flood had a seat for Winchester, upon the arrangement of which seat the parties quarrelled most heartily. Others from Mrs. Macartney, Edward Jerningham, Edmund Malone, &c. complete the number. But we shall, to preserve connexion, begin at the beginning, at which there is a portrait of Mr. Flood, with a large allowance of nose, and nothing of the "broken beak," which Grattan's fierce oratory drew in the famous debate on the Union. The circumstance of this nasal abridgement, or rather debridgement, however, is confirmed by an allusion in the biography; and we are informed, that it was the impairing of his constitution, and breaking down of his personal beauty, which determined Mr. Flood to bend his entire pursuit to the exercise of his great powers in promoting the public service. Q. E. D. that when undone by private debauchery, we are still most efficient for patriotic duties! But the editor has not told us by what zeal Mr. Flood compensated for his late and penitentiary resolution; we have heard it stated, that conscious of his own inability, (though most liberally educated and happily endowed,) to sustain a distinguished part in the world, he did not venture to rush rashly forth, as is the fashion now, to plague mankind with peddling politics, or disgust them with unpledged literature, but he devoted himself to seven years' seclusion, diligent study, and learned conversation, ere he thought himself entitled to advise, or to instruct his fellow citizens.

Henry Flood, born in 1731, was the son of Warden Flood, long solicitor general, and ultimately Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench in Ireland. He was a fellow commoner of Trinity College, Dublin, where Dr. Markham, afterwards archbishop of York, superintended his education. In 1762, he had no other step to take but to determine, and, as soon as possible, to write to me an account of your determination. After that you will have nothing else to do but to hold the above-mentioned sum in readiness, and to think about a qualification. He expressed the greatest pleasure at being any way instrumental in bringing this matter about, which pleasure, he said, was increased by his knowledge of your sentiments with regard to his cousin. I told him that I was well acquainted with your veneration for his character, of which he might be sure while he continued to act as he hitherto has done. So this matter is in a fair way of being settled, and poor Hibernia is likely to lose the only tuneful string of her harp. And again—"Whatever you may resolve on, you have but to communicate to me, and Mr. Pitt shall be immediately informed of your determination, and the sooner this was done, I should think, the better. As to him, I do not believe there is in the world an honest man, or one on whom you may with more safety depend. His only reason for desiring not to be mentioned in this affair arises from his delicacy, as he is in general an utter enemy to this kind of sale; and were it not from his high opinion of you, and, his idea of the great use you would be of, I am certain he would not have interfered in a transaction of this kind."

married Frances Maria, fifth daughter of Marcus, first Earl of Tyrone. He did not enter the political arena at so early a period of life as many of his contemporaries; and after he did so, as is most usual on the popular or opposition side, he was brought over to the other, by the office of Vice-Treasurer, which he held for seven years, and then resigned it. He took a very prominent share in the angry discussions of the Irish senate, and died in 1791; having been, it is evident from these letters, held in high estimation by the most eminent persons of the age to which he belonged. No better proof of this can be given, than a letter from Lord Charlemont, of March 13, 1766.

"The pleasure (says his lordship,) I receive from your letters, my dearest Flood, which would otherwise be as perfect and as entire as my friendship and regard for you, is not a little alloyed and diminished by the disagreeable accounts they too often contain of the very precarious state of your health. For Heaven's sake, what should sickness have to do with you? Can she then extend her baleful influence over the spirits? for surely otherwise you, who are *all soul*, could never be liable to her attacks! Are there not enough of those, whose souls, as well as their bodies, seem to be moulded of clay, and who ought therefore to be wholly and entirely subject to her cursed domination? Over such let her extend her tyranny, and Heaven knows that her empire will be sufficiently extensive, indeed almost universal; but let the few spirits that yet remain undiluted and unmixed with the dross of matter be, as they ought to be (if all be true which we are bound to believe) free from her hated despotism. But spirit will in the end triumph, and must remain superior to all her lawless efforts; and therefore I will lay aside my fears with regard to you, and proceed to thank you for your last kind letter."

In the following year, his lordship thus speaks of Burke. "I sometime ago sent to Leland a short account of our friend Burke's unparalleled success, which I suppose he has communicated to you. His character daily rises, and Barré is totally eclipsed by him; his praise is universal, and even the opposition, who own his superior talents, can find nothing to say against him, but that he is an impudent fellow. Yesterday a bill was brought into the C—s, to exclude the importation of Irish wool, from some certain ports in England. When Burke supported the cause of Ireland in the most masterly manner, and the bill was rejected."

We cannot help quoting (before we come to longer extracts) another brief passage in one of this nobleman's letters (March 1775) which displays great sensibility, and a fine soul. He writes to Mr. Flood—"After a tedious and anxious expectation, so tedious indeed, that expectation was almost lost in despair, a letter was at length brought me from my dear Flood: I knew the superscription, for I had not yet forgot your handwriting, and opened and read it with the utmost eagerness. It comes from you—it contains assurances of your friendship—it is a mark of your remembrance, and, as such, I thank

you for it;—but is it exactly such a letter as the unprecedented interval in our correspondence, your former kind and unlimited confidence, and our long and uninterrupted friendship, had given me reason, say, perhaps a right, to expect at the present crisis? I dare not answer this delicate question. Ask your own heart, for mine may be mistaken. At least, I am sure that the two first pages are perfectly useless: they are filled with excuses for not having sooner answered the notification of my son's birth. Excuses are civil, but are they friendly? I wanted no answer—it was not an answer—it was a letter I expected: but no more of this—already I have said more than I intended: but there is a jealous sensibility in real friendship; it is alive all over, and smart at the slightest touch of neglect. Neither is it always possible to restrain its effusions; and, writing to you, why should I endeavour it? I have been ill too, nervously ill, and of consequence am the more easily wounded. Disorders of this kind have upon the mental eye an effect nearly similar to that of the jaundice upon the corporeal organ, and the mind tinges every object with its own dark colour."

Another letter, only three months later in date, hinges upon the rumours, that Flood had sacrificed his independence on the altar of office. It is an honourable composition, whether viewed as the effusion of an elegant scholar, a true patriot, or a sincere friend.

"Maphæus, a madman of the fourteenth century, wrote an additional book to the *Æneid*; and some blockhead or other, if I remember right, even hazarded a supplement to the *Iliad*! These are authorities, though by no means excuses: yet, bad as it is, (and it cannot be worse than I think it) take what follows:—

Hence with that adage proud,

By haughty Stoics preach'd aloud,

That virtue is its proper meed!

No; bounteous Heaven, her sons t' incite,  
Hath plac'd in view the guerdon bright,

A guerdon bright indeed!

'Tis Fame—for this my Henry stands

Firm in his country's cause!

'Gainst ev'ry foe her right maintains,

Asserts her liberty, her laws;

And views with scorn the hireling bands

Of mercenary willing slaves!

Exulting in their chains!

For this the tyrant's frown he braves!

Nor can the Tempter's dangerous skill

Decline his soul to ill,

Or stoop his mind to shame!

Though from her cloud of vapours bland

Rais'd from th' exhausted land,

Dark corruption round him shower

Riches, Titles, Pomp, and Power,

Unmov'd his steady course he bends

To where the glitt'ring goal ascends,

And gains eternal Fame!

"Heaven grant that it may be so; that you may ever retain unimpaired those honours for which you were born; and that you may still continue an object of my admiration, as I feel you ever must be the object of my love. Such are the zealous, the warmest wishes of a faithful, a tender, but, alas! an anxious heart; which, though

it be sufficiently sanguine to hope the best, still, in a matter so essential to all its feelings, cannot be entirely void of fears. Indeed, my dearest, dear Flood, I am completely miserable about you. This impenetrable gloom of mystery which still hangs over you—this cloud which shadows and obscures the pious *Æneas*, disagreeably puzzles my hopes, though it cannot extinguish them. I had flattered myself that our meeting might have cleared the important point; but still shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it! Many and many are the causes which render this state of uncertainty highly distressful to me; and you know me well enough to guess them all. Yet is there one cause which, whatever it may cost me, for both our sakes, I think it my duty to mention. You remember an interesting conversation that passed between us not long before your departure. At that time, as you may well judge by the tenour of my conduct, compared with your knowledge of my sentiments, I was thoroughly persuaded that you were exactly as I wished you. I then flattered myself with a hope of the most pleasing kind; and was almost selfish enough to wish that you might have occasion to make use of my offer. But, alas! that dear object of my heart is now, I doubt, unattainable. The uncertainty of your present situation, notwithstanding my trust and confidence in you, renders the execution of that darling project morally impossible. For, though I would still stake my life and fortune upon the propriety of your political conduct, my conscience tells me that I have no right to hazard that which is not my own, but which I hold in trust for my country. One method alone remains, which would perfectly reconcile my wishes to my duty, and would make me the happiest of mortals. But this I need not now mention, and, if ever the mentioning of it should be necessary, I would much rather it came from you than from me. But no more of this—what I have already said has shaken every nerve in my frame. It has come from me like the tearing away [of] a forked arrow.”

(To be Concluded in our next.)

*Helen de Tournon*; a Novel. By Madame de Souza. Translated from the French. Two volumes 12mo.

It is no solecism to say, that in our literature, a court novel, written by a lady, is a novelty.\* Even if our women of quality

\* A correspondent calls upon us, in reviewing the works of foreign ladies in this class, to do our duty by recalling public attention to the successful productions of women of quality in our own country. He instances one, *Glenarvon*, which, though a powerfully delineation of character and passion, we certainly think had better never have been written; and the *Only Child*, which we shall take an early opportunity of reading, on his assurance that it is from the pen of Lady Elizabeth Fielding, (sister to Lady Lansdown) and a very pleasing novel.

With regard to *de Tournon*, we liked it so well in the original, that we had recommended to a literary friend to translate it; and he was absolutely half-way through his task, when the present publication appeared.—*Ed.*

had been more disposed to exercise their talents in this way, the exemplary decorum of the English court during the last half century, would have presented to them few of those opportunities for developing an intrigue, or for “catching the manners living as they rise,” which might have occurred under a queen, or under a young, high spirited, and volatile monarch.

It is singular to remark, that the story of *Helen de Tournon* and the romance of *Kenilworth* relate to the same age; and we are justified in supposing, that while the mysterious *improvisatore* of the north was engaged in depicting the court of Elizabeth of England, the author of *Adèle de Senanges* was delineating the gay circles held at the Louvre by Catherine de Medicis, Marguerite de Valois, and Henri III. of France. But here the resemblance ceases; for while the “author of *Waverley*” throws open to us a gallery of cartoons in the rich, glowing, and glorious style of Rubens, Madame de Souza meekly invites us to view a series of cabinet pictures, in which we recognize with delight the truth and strength of Vandyk, united with the airy elegance of Watteau.

The outline which we will give of this affecting tale shall be such as merely to explain our extracts. The Marquis de Varambon, who has been destined for the church, under the assurance of succeeding his uncle in the electorate of Treves, pays a visit to his elder brother, Monsieur de Balançon, at his chateau, near Namur, on the occasion of his recent marriage with the eldest daughter of Madame de Tournon, lady of honour to Marguerite de Valois. He there meets with Helen de Tournon, the younger sister of Madame de Balançon, who has been permitted by her mother to accompany the bride to her new home. Varambon becomes enamoured of Helen, and to the mortification of his selfish and ambitious brother, renounces his intention of taking holy orders. On hearing of the attachment of the youthful pair, Madame de Tournon, who has higher views, recalls her daughter, and introduces her at court, where she captivates the heart of Monsieur de Sourville, a truly noble minded courtier, whose high qualities, had she not known Varambon, would have inspired her with a more tender affection than friendship. Her first lover, who seems a compound of Hamlet and Othello, is wrought upon and abused by the joint artifices of Madame de Tournon and her son-in-law; and thus the interest of the tale is heightened. One of the prime agents is a ruined Italian nobleman, who, in the character of an astrologer, finds favour with Catherine de Medicis, and becomes the depository of many important state secrets. Another principal actor in the courtly scenes is the hero of Lepanto, the gallant Don Juan of Austria.\*

The astrologer is very happily introduced, and produces a striking effect. Marguerite de Valois, in a playful mood, had undertaken

\* We follow Madame de Souza in writing Don Juan, Don John would have been quite as absurd as *Sir Jean* would be.

to procure Don Juan an opportunity to consult this redoubted magician.

“Meantime Marguerite was somewhat at a loss, how she should fulfil the promise she had made to Don Juan. She repaired to the queen mother; and after endeavouring to amuse her with some court anecdotes, she turned the discourse on the astrologer whom she had seen with her majesty, and stated that the prince wished to consult him.

“Catherine’s countenance was inflamed with wrath. ‘He, then, is aware of the curiosity to which I sometimes give way?’ said she to her daughter. No doubt he amuses himself with casting ridicule on a science whose depths he cannot fathom. Doubtless he has laughed at what his philosophy calls my weakness?’ ‘No one would dare do that in my presence,’ replied Marguerite mildly, for she dreaded to irritate her mother, ‘and I can assure you that Don Juan is inclined to believe.’ ‘I shall readily compel him,’ retorted Catherine, with a menacing look, which made her daughter tremble. ‘At what time would he see Fisiraga?’ ‘He would wish to see him on the last day which he is to pass here!’ ‘Very well, that last remembrance shall be the most durable. He goes away the day after to-morrow; to-morrow evening Fisiraga shall be with you; I will come also.’ ‘Could I not,’ rejoined Marguerite, ‘ere that time see this mysterious man, that he might tell me, whether any preparations require to be made for his reception?’ ‘I will send him to you,’ answered Catherine. ‘Meanwhile,’ she added with a sneer, ‘I imagine you will have little difficulty in convincing Don Juan, that it is ever a pleasure here to anticipate his wishes.’

“Marguerite regretted that he had offended her mother by a blunder, which she saw, was extremely untoward. She feared she had compromised her, by exposing her to the pleasantries which Don Juan might vent on her credulity. What would be said abroad, if he were to tell, that in France queen Catherine and herself had procured him an interview with a caster of horoscopes. She reflected, but too late, that the murmurs of disappointed minds are often less dangerous than the indiscreet sallies of thoughtless gaiety.

“As soon as the queen of Navarre had retired, Catherine sent for Fisiraga to come and speak with her instantly. She was vexed that Don Juan should deem her susceptible of weakness; and she resolved to terrify, or at least to astonish him so much, as to make him participate her superstitious fears. She considered the science of Fisiraga adequate to her anxious enquiries into futurity, but she did not think proper to trust to it entirely, at a conjuncture in which she had, at the same time, to defend her political interests, and to avenge her offended pride.

“When Fisiraga came, she immediately imparted to him every thing concerning Don Juan. ‘I leave prediction to your proficiency,’ said she, ‘but the knowledge of the past belongs to me; it will become the sure basis of an implicit belief, when he interrogates you respecting the time to come.’



Catherine had agents in foreign courts who reported to her the progress even of the most secret intrigues. She communicated to Fisiraga all that was necessary for him to know, in order that he might quell the presumptuous spirit of Don Juan.

"Fisiraga eagerly listened to the disclosures of the irritated Catherine; but his transcendent mind saw far beyond the things which it was her intention to impart to him. No one ever applied himself more skilfully to the calculation of probabilities, when the data of character, condition, and circumstance, were laid before him.

"A brilliant education, a lofty and sonorous style of speaking, a sincere belief in supernal intelligences, were, in reality, the magic that gave him a dominion over Catherine, which she herself believed to be preternatural. The superstitious spirit of the age had ruined Fisiraga, but it confirmed his power."

The Queen of Navarre also pre-instructs the astrologer, whose "thoughts were directed solely to the means of mitigating the miseries of Monsieur de Varambon. He imagined that he might, perhaps, see Mademoiselle de Tournon with the queen, if he could contrive to attract to the interview several ladies of the court. He told her that to ensure the conviction of Don Juan, it would be desirable that she should on the same day cause him to be consulted in presence of that prince, by persons who, from eager curiosity, might wish to know their destiny.

"He succeeded beyond his hopes; for this idea afforded Marguerite additional pleasure; she was amused at the thought of seeing Helen interrogate the magician. Her youth, her artlessness, the terror she had betrayed on the preceding day when listening to those marvellous stories, rendered her most apt to receive all impressions which others might wish to make on her; and her fears would not fail to augment the astonishment of Don Juan.

"I promise you," said Marguerite, "that I will invite the fairest of ladies to interrogate you. Besides," added she, in the heedlessness of her lively imagination, "Mademoiselle de Tournon will be already persuaded..... At these words Fisiraga looked gravely at the queen, and ventured to interrupt her. 'I will not, madam,' said he, 'either hear the name, or know the person whom you wish that I should see.' He begged permission to retire, and left Marguerite greatly surprised at his refusal of those explanations, which might have rendered his predictions more exact."

Varambon with great difficulty prevails on his friend Fisiraga to let him be his companion, in the disguise of an attendant; and is by his contrivance scolded behind the arras, when the court entered and "Fisiraga was introduced to Don Juan. The court took their stations at a distance from the table near which the prince and the magician took their seats.

"Fisiraga looked at Don Juan long and steadfastly; his eyes seemed to penetrate his very soul. At length he demanded if he

might tell him the whole truth? 'The whole, until I give orders to the contrary,' said the prince. That tone of authority roused the rebellious spirit which agitated Fisiraga. 'Well, then,' said he, 'you are here without the consent of an anxious and suspicious power, jealous of your glory. That power sent you into the Netherlands to pacify them, not to conquer them. It will deem itself vanquished at every victory you gain over your enemies. Beware not to displease it. Tremble to serve it. Ill success will be an injury; your triumphs will be crimes. This morning you laid the foundation of a plot. You have been offered the hand of a widowed queen, who is young and beautiful; you will not obtain it. Imprisonment, abduction, intestine wars, are the thoughts which agitate your soul.' These words gave Don Juan a shock so violent as to be observable by all. Fearing that the discourse of Fisiraga, though addressed to him alone, might be overheard, he begged him to lower his voice.

"How could Don Juan help being struck with amazement! The very day before, the Duke de Guise had signed a league with him. He had proposed to him to land in England for the purpose of carrying away Mary Stuart from prison: he had flattered him with the hope of obtaining her hand, in case he should succeed in re-establishing her on the throne, by the aid of her numerous and zealous partisans in England and Scotland.

"These important projects, which Don Juan supposed to be wholly unknown, had been revealed to Catherine by a lady who possessed the entire confidence of the Duke of Guise; and Fisiraga detailed them as well to serve the policy of Catherine as to maintain his reputation for the marvellous.

"As soon as the prince had desired him to lower his voice, the magician felt assured of his dominion. After tracing to Don Juan the picture of his past life, he conjured him in a solemn and prophetic tone, to avert the fate which awaited him. 'Your most secret intentions are known,' said he. 'The impatient desires of a noble ambition will expose you to inevitable danger.' Fisiraga menaced him with a terrible futurity. He saw him daily exposed to new attacks, and the hand of death at length snatching him away in the bloom of his youth and glory.

"Catherine, who observed all the movements of Don Juan, remarked that he questioned Fisiraga with anxiety. She congratulated herself on her success in alarming the imagination of the prince, and enjoyed the trouble with which she agitated his soul. Suddenly Fisiraga was heard to exclaim, 'Do you remember Don Carlos and Elizabeth of France?' At these words Don Juan was struck with secret horror; he rose up, saying, 'Enough, enough; I will see you again!' He took refuge by the side of Marguerite, without recovering sufficient calmness to answer the questions which she put to him.

"All eyes were fixed on Don Juan: his emotion astonished the most daring, and alarmed the credulous. Mademoiselle de Tournon contemplated him with a feeling that scarcely permitted her to breathe. So

great, so brave a prince, could he attach credit to preternatural revelations? Helen's mind rejected them, but her heart unwillingly believed in them. Fisiraga gave the finishing blow to her already vacillating reason, by saying, with a loud voice, 'Let her who has received a ring of death as a token of alliance, come and listen to me.' Helen took this to herself. Terror suddenly possessed her soul; she forgot the court and her mother. She rose, and traversed the room with a slow step to approach Fisiraga. Madame de Tournon called her back; her daughter heard her not; even Marguerite was astonished; the court seemed uneasy. Monsieur de Souvré darted forward to detain her; he conjured her to stop. She extended her hand, and motioned him to remain where he was. The pale and solemn mien of Mademoiselle de Tournon subdued him in spite of himself. He dared not contravene her orders, but he kept his eyes on her, and cursed these horrible superstitions.

"Helen stood near Fisiraga; he pitied the trouble which oppressed her. Yet he said to her in a low tone, 'I speak to you in the name of him who is to be the arbiter of your destiny. Woe be to you if you betray his love.' He took a mirror and held it before Helen, who uttered a scream on perceiving the features of Monsieur de Varambon, exhibiting a furious and menacing look.

"A deadly chillness stole upon her heart; her eyes no longer distinguished any thing; her limbs trembled. Monsieur de Souvré rushed forward and received her in his arms. She recognised his voice, and needing, as she did a support, she pronounced his name in an imploring tone. 'Take me hence,' said she, 'I feel I am dying.' He bore her near the queen of Navarre, placed her in an arm-chair, and threw himself at her feet. He watched with trembling anxiety to see if her colour returned, and if her life were renewed to revive him. Madame de Tournon, alarmed at this scene, repelled Monsieur de Souvré: 'See you not,' said she, 'that all eyes are on us? Leave my daughter and retire.'—'Ah! Madam,' said he, 'deign to call me your son; and let me watch over Mademoiselle de Tournon.'—'Yes,' replied Marguerite, who wished by publicity to render this engagement irrevocable. 'Yes, she alone was worthy to be your happy wife.'—At these words, Fisiraga could no longer restrain himself; he exclaimed, 'Woe! woe!' and disappeared to succour his friend.

In the end after a variety of conflicts, Souvré, who had almost believed that Helen loved him, is at length painfully undeceived; but he heroically resolves to promote her union with the object of her affections, in which he is successful.

The story is of such a nature, that the author could not have brought it to any other conclusion, than that which she has given to it. And we will venture to anticipate that most readers, on reflection, will agree with us, that it concludes most happily. Dr. Johnson suffered his kind heart to overcome his judgement, when he blamed Shakspeare for the fate of Ophelia, the young, the beautiful, and the pious.

The style of the narrative is plain and concise; indeed it has an elaborate simplicity which reminds us of the avowal of Rousseau, that the passages in his *Héloïse* which seemed most artless and easy, cost him the most labour. If the attainment of this simplicity in the present instance was difficult to the author, it must have been so in some degree to the translator; of whom it is but justice to observe, that he has surmounted that difficulty.

#### *Rome in the Nineteenth Century; &c. &c.*

In our last we introduced this work to the public in a hasty manner. We have since perused it entirely, and have the pleasure to report that we agree with ourselves, in considering it to be a very entertaining production. We infer, from internal evidence, that it is written by a lady; and though the preceding multitude of books upon Italy have gleaned the field nearly to the last ear, there is so amusing a vivacity in the pictures drawn, by the present hand, that even the old stories are almost as good as new. Having so high an opinion of the amusing qualities of the publication, which we think excellently suited to the boudoir, the parlour table, and the post-chaise, we shall not detain our readers from the further extracts which we have picked out, to justify our recommendation of it to all these, and other similar, or more exalted situations.

In running through the multitude of subjects with which the examination of Rome abounds, the writer presents us with sketches so lively as to have the air of originals, though we have seen the very same views taken in so many ways before. Her apposite remarks often resemble the colouring of a familiar print; and sometimes the compressed epitome of former times gives us the idea of a modern master touching into pathos a picture of ancient ruins. The naïveté of the first of these divisions will, we think, be acknowledged in the following brief extracts. After describing the Roman bridges, it is said—

"The ancient Romans, in this branch of architecture, are excelled by the modern Britons. Nor is there, through the whole of this land of arts, a single bridge, either ancient or modern, that can vie with the grandeur and beauty of Waterloo-bridge in London.

"Neither, in the ingenuity and curious mechanism of our iron bridges, our chain bridges, and all our wonderful fabrications of bridges, did they ever bear the most remote competition with us. They no more dreamt of crossing waters by such machines, than of sailing upon them by steam, or descending into them in a diving bell.

"What would the heroes of Salamis and Actium think of a British ship of war, or a whole fleet of such ships? How would the bewildered old philosophers gaze at our carriages, our mail-coaches, our steam-engines, our manufactories, our printing-presses, our telegraphs, our guns, our artillery, our telescopes, and all our innumerable and magical inventions? What would they think of

men flying about through the air in balloons, or descending into the bowels of the earth, and the depths of the sea? I am persuaded, that if these ancient worthies could be brought back again, and see all these things going on, they would never believe they were in the same old world they had left."

The subjoined needs no introduction.

"The Church of St. Sebastian is one of the seven basilicas of Rome that pilgrims visit to obtain 'absolution and remission of their sins.' But here, were we, a parcel of poor heretics, who had visited these holy shrines in vain,—for our sins, unabsoled, still stuck by us. Before we left the Church, one of its retainers begged of us—'For the holy souls in purgatory,' upon which your friend insisted upon knowing what good money could do them there. The man reluctantly replied, that the money was given to say masses for them; and that these masses shortened the period of their purgation."

"What rascals these priests must be, if they know their masses will release the poor souls that are broiling in the flames, and yet they won't say them without being paid for it! Is that what they call Christian charity, I wonder?"

The man pitching on his last word, only replied by recommending his accustomed wine, of *Carità Signore! par le Anime Sante in Purgatorio! Carità!* &c. &c.

"Mr — then shewing him a picture, asked with great apparent seriousness and simplicity, how many souls that would take out of purgatory. The man, evidently half enraged, but unwilling to lose the money, declared he could not safely take upon him to say how many souls it would deliver from the flames, but he could aver that it would do much towards furthering the liberation of some of them.

"Mr — then began to bargain with him for the number of masses that were to be said for it; and having cheapened them from one, which he at first proposed, to four, he gave him the piece of money for the *'Anime Sante,'* and went away.

"Such a conversation in such a place, a century or two ago, I imagine, might have got our friend into a hotter situation in this world, than the *'Anime Sante'* occupy in the other."

Of the same tenor are the annexed.

"Just as we were leaving the Church of St. John Lateran, I observed some banners hanging up, something like those suspended in Westminster Abbey at the installation of the Knights of the Garter; but, on inquiry, I found these belonged to a batch of saints that the present Pope had canonized here a few years ago, all at once. Common Princes make Dukes or Lords, mere earthly nobility; but the Pope makes the nobility of heaven. Instead of Knights, he dubs a few Saints."

"Confessionals in every living language stand in St. Peter's. Spaniards, Portuguese, French, English, Germans, Hungarians, Dutch, Swedes, Greeks, and Armenians, here find a ghostly counsellor ready to hear and absolve in their native tongue.

"At stated times the confessors attend

in the confessionals. This morning, being Friday, they were sitting in readiness. Some of those who were unemployed, were reading. All had long wands, like fishing rods, sticking out of the box. The people passing kneel down opposite the confessor, who touches their head with his wand, which possesses the virtue of communicating spiritual benefit to their souls. The other day I was much amused to see in a church into which we entered by accident, a fat old friar sitting in his confession box, fast asleep, while a woman was pouring through the grate, into his unconscious ear, the catalogue of her sins. As the confessor and the confessant do not see each other, I should suppose, this accident might sometimes occur, especially if the confession be somewhat prolix.

"For one man that I see at confession in the churches, there are at least fifty women. Whether it be that men have fewer sins, or women more penitence; or that is more repugnant to the pride of man to avow them to man, or that women have more time to think about them, (though for that matter, as far as I see, both sexes are equally idle here), I cannot determine. But so it is. However, the men do confess. They must. If every true-born Italian, man, woman, and child, within the Pope's dominions, does not confess and receive the communion at least once a year, before Easter, his name is posted up in the parish church; if he still refrain, he is excommunicated, and otherwise tormented; and if he persist in his contumacy, he is excommunicated, which is a very good joke to us, but none at all to an Italian, since it involves the loss of civil rights, and perhaps of liberty and property. Even the Pope confesses, which I don't understand; for they say he is infallible. Then, if infallible, how can he have any failings to confess?"

Of the simple and feeling manner in which a general, but brief glance is thrown over an ancient theme, we shall select but two examples. In treating of the obelises at Rome, that which stood in the Circus of Sallust is mentioned:

"This Obelisk now crowns the lofty summit of the Pincian Hill, in front of the Church of the Trinità de' Monti, towering far above the domes, the towers, and the palaces of modern Rome, and enjoys by far the most beautiful situation of all the Obelisks of Rome. But no cold description can convey to you, at a distance, the feelings with which such monuments as these are viewed here. How often, when the calm moonbeams have shone on the beautiful solitude of the Trinità de' Monti, and involuntarily awakened feelings too deep for expression, have I gazed in the silence of the night on the tall summit of that stupendous Obelisk pointing to the skies, and thought that, among the works of men, there are none more sublime than these! Their formation is lost in the earliness of time, and they will probably last till time be no more; till the earth, and 'all that it inherits,' have passed away. In them, art seems for once to have vied in durability with the works of nature. Formed of the most imperishable of materials, they are



fashioned by the being of a day, but they have remained, while countless generations have gone down to the dust. They have survived all that mankind deem most stable—laws, languages, institutions, nations, dynasties, governments, and gods. They are the work of a people now no more—the monuments of a religion passed away, and covered with the characters of a language that is forgotten. The unknown antiquity, and the mysterious obscurity that involve their origin—the long flight of ages past, and the dark and distant futurity to come, that open on our mind while we contemplate them, make us sensible of our own littleness—make us remember, that, in the passage of a moment, we who now feel, think, admire, and meditate, shall be no more; while they will still stand the wonder and admiration of the world."

"Near the Porta San Paola stands the grey pyramid of Calus Cestius. Who or what he was is unknown. The monument that commemorates his death, alone tells us that he lived. From it we learn, that he was the contemporary of Caesar and Augustus, but his name does not appear in the annals or the literature of that eventful and enlightened period. The last struggles of expiring freedom do not seem to have roused him to take a part to save, or to destroy. Of his wealth, and of his pride, this magnificent tomb is a sufficient record; but of his merits, or his virtues, no trace remains. The inscription only tells us he was one of the seven Eplulones, whose office was, to furnish, and to eat the sacred banquets offered to Jupiter and the gods.

"This pyramid, of more than a hundred feet in height, is entirely built of marble, but time has changed its colour, and defaced its polish. The grey lichen has crept over it, and wild evergreens hang from its crevices. But what it has lost in splendour it has gained in picturesque beauty, and there are few remains of antiquity within the bounds of the Eternal City, that the eye rests upon with such unwearying admiration, as this grey pyramid.

"It stands in the 'Prati del Popolo Romano,' and though no longer devoted to the enjoyment of the living, but to the repose of the dead; bright and beautiful in the first days of the year was the verdure that covered the meadows of the Roman people."

"They are now the burial place of Protestants, and consequently of foreigners only; for all Italians must be Catholics. By far the greater part of the strangers interred here are English. Their marble tombstones were scattered over the green turf, and the words of my native tongue engraved on these mute memorials, which recorded that youth, beauty, rank, and talents, had here met a premature grave, spoke powerfully home to the heart in this foreign land. Those who now lay [lie] unconscious here, had perhaps, like me, visited this spot in the fulness of youth and hope, as little thinking that their grave should be added to those they sorrowed over.

"In one place the earth was newly turned up. It was the grave of one, who, in the

flower of youth, and the pride of fortune, had fallen a victim to disease, in the very scene whither pleasure had led him; and the new-laid stone, which recorded his early virtues, spoke the grief of the friends and companions who had raised this mournful tribute to his memory.

"The stillness and seclusion of the spot, the soft verdure of the earth, the ethereal brightness of the heavens, the graves of yesterday at our feet, and the proud tomb of the Roman that died eighteen centuries ago, backed by the dark battlements of the old walls of the city,—all were in harmony with the deep repose of the scene, and the heart felt its melancholy beauty."

(To be concluded in our next.)

### Wine and Walnuts.

ON AFTER DINNER CHIT-CHAT.

By a Cockney Grey Beard.

CHAP. XX.

A Night at Garrick's.

"Well, sir (resumed the doctor) but let me end the *strange eventful history* of this night. We went back to Doyley's for the ladies; and when we had apologized for our rudeness in leaving them, we formed a party and went to sup with Garrick in Southampton Street, and there we kept our revels rare and late. I believe that moralist, the *Rambler*, had to answer for many of our midnight orgies; for he, 'like Minerva's bird (as Goldsmith would have it) was most alive when the sober geese were gone to sleep.'

"So much for bad examples in good men," said Mrs. Garrick, when the correct Joshua Reynolds, and his sober colleague, Mister Sam Johnson, used to keep her husband so late in Newport Street†, after his endeavour to appease her anxiety, by "Dearest, I have passed the evening with two of the wisest and best of souls." Johnson was at Garrick's; and so was Reynolds, waiting his return—"You observe *pretty hours*, ladies?" said the doctor, as Mrs. Garrick and her relation entered. "Here have Joshua and I been gravely moralizing on the dissipation of the age; and our sage speculations are likely to terminate with—what wilt thou afford us for our supper, honoured lady? I ask you, madam," added the doctor, "for *Davey* is become so parsimonious, that one is driven to finish that repast begun with him, at the first hospitable-tavern one can meet, in travelling homeward to one's bed—Aye! what wilt thou afford us, madam?" offering to untie Mrs. Garrick's cloak. She lady like, the pretty sylph, said my old friend, curtsied at his gallantry, and answered; "The larder is ever at your command, Mister Johnson. I think it is I who should scold,—why did not you provide for our return?" Johnson most

† Sir Joshua Reynolds at this time lived in a large house the north side of Great Newport Street. His first residence was in St. Martin's Lane, both places of some note in these days; but in 1761 he purchased a superior mansion in Leicester Square, which he enlarged, by erecting a gallery and convenient painting room. In this house he continued to reside until his death in 1792.

playfully took her two hands in his, and answered, "thou art ever kind;" and looking over his shoulder at Garrick, added, "but he, the grudging host—look at poor Sterne, lady; look at him! A son of the church, too, fattened at thy husband's table into a spectre; a shadow of emptiness, the personification of Spenser's fancies! Fye, Davey, fye! Come, live with me, Laurence, and be reflective of flesh, by the extenuation of my less scanty board."

"Well, what wilt have? thou discontented murmurer, thou dainty Apicius! give thy commands," said Garrick. "A supper, Davey; a good supper, and a speedy supper, Davey, or Sterne may also be famished. And hark—ye, *hance*, let us have some *sacks*. Garrick kept an excellent table, and we were soon seated at his cheerful board.

"Well, Mister Sterne," said the ladies, as soon as we were seated, "you were very gallant!—what made you fly away from us in such haste?" "Nay, ladies," said he, "did not Wilson there, very sagaciously proclaim it a most moving scene?"

"Now, pray," said Mrs. Garrick, holding up her hand, and doubling her little fist, "tell me honestly, were you not laughing?" "Laughing! my fair hostess." "Aye, laughing, sir!" "Verily, then, I was, madame," said he. "O, deceitful man!" said Mrs. Garrick; "poor Miss Lintot is in woful trouble, for she fancies that your death will be laid to her account."

"She shall make thy funeral oration, Laurence," said Garrick, "and I will pen thy epitaph." "That would be in character," said Wilson; "for thy *requiem* from her should be followed with a *sad* epitaph, that the wits may smile over Yorick's grave." "And smile they must," said the lively comedian, "at his *looking*, as the very *Dryades* will weep." "Very well, very well, Davey! that is a touch of the classic," said Wilson; "it would not do without a group of *faeries of the grove*, doctor;" addressing himself to Johnson. "This worthy, sir, is a specimen of *Green-room wit*." The doctor smiled; and shaking his head, observed to Mrs. Garrick, "How couldst thou venture on such a mad-cap? I could make nothing of him; madam, although I caught him young."

Sterne would not let Garrick rest. "You

† Laurence Sterne was frequently an inmate at Garrick's, enjoying the elegancies of his table with the ease and comfort of one of the family. In allusion to his friend's hospitality, he says, in a letter to him from Paris in 1762, "His house (Baron d'Holbach's) is now as your's was to me—my own." And again—"Think not, because I have been a fortnight here (Paris) without writing to you, that therefore I have not had you and Mrs. Garrick a hundred times in my head and heart." Sterne's London residence at this time was in Old Bond Street.

§ Sack was whimsically substituted for punch, which Johnson frequently made for Garrick's friends. The term *hance*, was a stroke of humour at Davey, for his roguish mimicry of the doctor, who used to ask, in the Staffordshire dialect, "Come, gentlemen, who's for punch?" Wilson resided over the north arcade of the Piazza, Covent Garden.

were right, Wilson," said he; we were deceived, by that insatiable usurer of praise, down the dark passage, all in the dead of night, among the men slayers, to see him exact interest of the Irish centinel for his golden guinea." "Come, come," said Wilson, "we have had enough of this;" and indulging in his usual love of bantering, "I will appeal to you, honoured doctor," addressing himself to Johnson, "whether there be not some envy lurking under this attack on our friend Davey?" "What a traitor!" said Sterne. "Lady, be silent, or perchance the stiletto—why, thou very dread of dreaded Italy, thou mysterious painter, thou perturbator of the elements!" "Hast done?" said Wilson: then turning to Johnson, "there's old Doyley (said he), whose word is current as the Tower coin, this very night has told me, that his pretty nieces were almost pulling caps about a wily sinner that recites tender tales of woe, and melts his gentle audience from another stage; an actor of his own drama, too; the vain deceiver. Mothers should beware in these ticklish times (said Wilson), and send duenna's with their girls to school." "O, O!" said Garrick; "hark ye, ladies! this from the lips of honest Dick too. What sayest thou, master Laurence?—this is said indeed. The shafts of slander did rebound from my shield of charity upon the slanderer; but when honest Richard proclaims thy sins, charity must yield to truth." "Pfaith, Davey turned the tables upon Sterne, and Johnson was greatly amused at his inimitable mimicry.

"What then, is it my friend Laurence that is seen lurking about the Adam and Eve, peeping into the Hampstead coach?" said Garrick; the air o' the hill is good for poets, I've heard Joe Potter say, the jolly rogue." Then imitating that humorous coachman, he began, "five insides for Hampstead, Hendon, all fair ladies; start in half a minute: room for one; place taken higher up. Six insides, and room for none. Heigh-up, poets, who's for Hampstead? room outside."

The little blood that could be spared from Laurence's warm heart, flew to his wan cheeks; and the ladies joined in the mirth excited at poor Sterne's expense. This was characteristic enough; Sterne was accustomed to wait about the spots where the Hampstead stages used to ply; and old Sir James Winter Lake, who knew Sterne, I believe, as well as any one, had frequently watched him walking backwards and forwards, until some one had ladies only for inside passengers; he then would step in, and delight them with his conversation, or in reading passages from his *Tristram Shandy*. "This practice," said the good humoured baronet, "he kept snugly to himself, and I never betrayed him."

"O, doctor! (said Wilson) I wish thou hadst witnessed the drama of this night." Then turning to Mrs. Garrick, "Madam (said he), thy husband lacketh not virtue; for within the last watch we saw him blush." Adding, "worthy sir (to Johnson) all thy precepts were not thrown away upon the

mad-cap, for thou hast taught him modesty." Garrick interposed, with, "nay, nay; no more of this, an thou lovest me, Hal." "But I will, I will relate to the doctor, by his permission, what eyes have seen, and ears have heard, this dismal night in the guard-room. 'Tis a story worth relating, sir," taking Johnson's arm to secure his consent. "I am attentive, sir," said the doctor, smiling courteously; "but be thou brief."

Wilson began to relate the scene with circumstantial truth. The stern moralist now laughed, and now looked grave, commenting in his usual manner as he proceeded: he was amazingly interested, and would suffer no one to interrupt Wilson but himself.

Wilson, delighted with the great moralist's attention, observed, "I thought, doctor, this scene would be to your taste; this was nature, sir; I would travel a hundred miles on foot to meet two such originals. I can never forget the veteran grenadier." "Why, sir (said Johnson) you ought not to forget; I should like to see thy countryman—The proud ancient Briton\*; Sir, in less polished times, two such worthies would have obtained the notice of the senate." Then reclining in his elbow chair, which was always set for him at Garrick's, he resumed: "You were right, sir; he that desires to estimate the multifarious workings of humanity, must not content himself with the garbled sentiment of written history; he must pursue his speculations amidst scenes the entrance to which are not announced by the loud knocker, or the liveried porter alone; but where enquiry urges the philosopher onward—even beyond the threshold of misery, of sickness, or of want—where character is found clothed in the loathsome garb of wretchedness, or watched receding into the dark dwelling of suspicion. He must not loiter in the gorgeous pavilion, midst the camp of emperors, but proceed to the foul suttling booth of desperate bands, that drink and blaspheme, holding the care-drowning cup in hands yet unwashed from the blood of the slayer and the slain. What you have beheld might startle indifference into enquiry, and rouse dulness into surprise: might awaken idleness to the task of examination, and move even wisdom to marvel, how he, the fierce soldier, that revels joyous the short lived night which hastens to the morn of battle—perchance to death—regardless of his doom, should yet not dare to watch, or even lie alone, where the very maiden in her teens sleeps unappalled: yet, sir, so it is. Then, sir (added the doctor), it behoves those who too often slumber in the imperious robe of authority, or trifle with the potent rod of power, to consider, ere they appoint too arduous duties on those who minister to their safety. I (said the candid philosopher), I, blessed with reasoning faculties, and the converse of the wise, relying on the protection of my Maker too at all times, yet, from early prejudice too deeply rooted, alas! hold an unavailing horror of loneliness, and an indefensible dread†

\* Wilson was a native of Wales.

† Augustus Cæsar, durst not sit alone, in darkness.

of darkness. What may not some of our hardy defenders then feel, tintured alike with such weak apprehensions; who must obey; with whom expostulation would be mutiny, and breach of duty, death, when destined to the midnight watch, at the base of some vast concentrated pile of fearful history; measuring their prescribed steps, where grated towers encircle vaults profound, and murderous dungeons dark as death. Then shuddering at the picture which his gloomy fancy had drawn, he exclaimed with his wonted authoritative voice, when conviction wrought upon his feeling, "This should be altered, sir, where the service could spare two centinels for one such post—and why not?" The doctor paused, and we were silent, perceiving his emotion, when he added, with an expression truly awful, "two hours of such appalling duty, delegated to a man of my perturbed spirit, would be, without a fault of mine, the infliction of protracted torture!"

Garrick was obviously relieved by the moralizing of his learned friend; as he expected another trimming on the usual topic, his vanity. "There boys, (said he,) I knew the doctor would be charmed with the dialogue;" then laying one hand on Johnson's, looking him kindly in the face, and patting him on the shoulder with the other, he added, "I wish sincerely with all my heart, that thou hadst been there, my noble, sheltering *aloe*!" Mrs. Garrick smiled, and so did her female friend. "Away, thou flatterer, (said Johnson,) thou player, away; I know not thy drift." "No doctor, (said Mrs. Garrick,) that is not flattery." "No, indeed it is not, (said her friend,) that is pure honesty; and when we are alone, doctor Johnson, perhaps I may whisper a tale upon that subject. I venture to think sir, you will not be above condescending to hear a little innocent wit, not green room, but drawing room wit, from some of your favorite belles too, (then looking round with great archness,) and moreover at your expense too, gentlemen, when we were waiting so many hours for you lords of the creation, having the accustomed honor to keep your coffee from cooling." "Aye, (said Wilson,) we perceive sir, (addressing himself to Johnson,) we perceive who is the highest in the good graces of the drawing room; this is a secret reserved for your more favoured ear." "Well sir," (said Johnson, with an air of gallantry,) he might dare be proud who held distinction there."

"We were very lively at your expense, indeed, gentlemen," said Mrs. Garrick; "the two Miss \* \* \* \*, and some others, all young, beautiful, and unmarried, joined in the diversion. Shall I tell," said she, addressing herself to her companion. "Well then, to punish you for not obeying our summons, the ladies likened you all to fruits, and plants, and minerals. But my cousin has the best memory, and she may recollect the application." "Pray let us hear," said Wilson; "doubtless I came in for a sprig of laurel." "No Sir," said the pretty lively lady, "you are wrong." "For *rue*, perchance," said he; "no sir, guess again."



"Why, I am dubbed bitter enough; perhaps a crab," said he, "for that man, (pointing to Garrick) has dubbed me Sour Dick." "Guess again," said the laughing maid. "Aye sir," said my old friend, "how bewitching is the tongue of woman, beautiful, witty, and chaste,"—such was she. "All the moralizing of our wondrous friend was at an end; we were charmed by her spell, and anxious for her explanation, as children tired out, guessing at a riddle. 'Will you give it up,' said Miss \* \* \*. 'Yea, madam.' 'Why then, sir, you are likened to olives. Now sir, will you dare to enquire farther?' 'Let me see,' said Wilson, all eyes upon him—"Well then, my dear, out with it; I dare!" "Then know, sir," said she, rising and curtsying most gravely, "Mister Wilson is rough to the taste at first, tolerable by a little longer acquaintance, and delightful at last." "Art thou content, friend Richard?" said Johnson: "that is very handsome, sir." Wilson never looked so becomingly before; he made the damsel his best bow. "Faith, (said he) I shall henceforth have a better opinion of myself. I drink to thee, my dear, and should be proud to give thy hand to one deserving of thy superior merits."

We were very cheerful, (said my old friend) and rather noisy too, it should seem, for Goldsmith had been waiting over the Piazza for Wilson, and being on his return down Southampton Street, heard through the parlour window the loud voice of the painter: he knocked, Garrick heard him enquire for Wilson, and going to the door, brought him in.

"Here is old Time," said Dr. Johnson. "put away your watches, ladies," as he heard his voice, in allusion to his frequently interrupting conversation, when he was not speaking, with—"Can any one tell me the hour?" "No," was usually the reply; "then I can, (said he,) and it is time to go." The observation set the ladies on the titter; when the worthy poet entered, affecting reluctance as Davey dragged him in. He was generally in confusion, and apt to be *touchy*; he began—"O! how d'ye do, madam, how d'ye do, ladies," and fancying the risible feeling directed at him, he offered to retire; "O! madam, I see you are very merry—and—and—I am only an intruder." Johnson, who had a great regard for him, put out his hand, and said, "Come, sit thee down, Oliver; why surely thou art not the man who preferreth the house of mourning to the house of joy."

Goldsmith, who was always *mal-à-propos*, instead of meeting the proud doctor's friendly salutation, puffing himself up into a stately sententious mood, answered, "this sir, I apprehend, is the season of sorrow; and look, and look, are you not clad in sable too, and am not I in a court mourning suit!" Certainly he was in an unusually genteel garb, in the very cut of fashionable black.

Johnson looked angry at the rebuke; but perceiving that Oliver wished to show the outward, rather than the inward man, he changed the severity of his visage to a smile, and had his revenge by a playful sally.

"Come, sit thee down, good man, and we will tell thee of an adventure. We have been merry at the expense of a countryman of thine, a fellow with a volubility of speech: one whose history is an epitome of thy strange country. 'No doubt, (said Goldsmith,) my poor country has always been the laughing stock of humanity.'"

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

## INSANITY \*.

Miseris succurrere disco.....

Prejudices, as being invariably unmanly and illiberal, have in all ages, as their natural consequence, impeded the extension to mankind of benefits of the utmost importance to their welfare; and were we in this, and in other departments of knowledge, to trace their influence by intimately reviewing the evils that have emanated from this source, as affecting the happiness of our fellow creatures, we should have placed before our eyes, their lamentable origin, and sphere of action in human ignorance, baseness, credulity, and folly: so that prejudices would appear to reign over an extended empire, and to be the means of combining and calling into action some of the worst feelings of our nature; and thus have they obstructed the progress of literature and of science, which are to be regarded as the parents of truth, of justice, and of humanity.

No man, whether engaged in the arts of peace or of war, can approach true greatness, who lives under this dominion, as it poisons every elevated sentiment, and thereby drags the victim over whom it rules, into contact with all that is despicable and mean.

Let us banish from the face of Society this ruthless hydra, that leads to all that is ungenerous, all that is malignant, all that is erroneous and selfish; and benevolence and useful knowledge will reach the human heart and mind, in a course and with a progression as certain as that of water expanding with an almost irresistible force under the action of heat, when directed by the intellectual faculties and the powers of man. The inoculation for the small pox was retarded by prejudice for a time; and in later periods

\* It is with no small degree of satisfaction, that we find ourselves enabled to resume this most interesting topic, (upon which several papers may be expected,) with observations from the same able pen which has already excited so much attention. Notwithstanding the parliamentary investigation, the disease of Insanity, and the cause of the unfortunate insane, were asleep in the public mind, when Dr. Pelick did us the honour of making the Literary Gazette (see our volume for 1820) the medium for his communications on the subject. Thus awakened to a sense of its humanity and importance, the influence of the press is making itself felt in every direction. The Quarterly Review has nearly repeated Dr. V.'s opinions, in an elaborate article; and the Journals of France and Germany teem with statements respecting the malady, and projects for its more effectual treatment. We feel proud in the hope that much good may result from these circumstances.—Ed.

the vaccine discovery was greatly obstructed by this grovelling principle. Supreme wisdom is often miraculously displayed in evils themselves, as these are not unfrequently attended with advantages of great magnitude to mankind, and thus they become blessings in the ratio that they unfold benefits; and such is the discovery of the vaccine inoculation, the evils resulting from which are not worth calculating, while its advantages are incalculable, and will hand down the name of Jenner to the latest posterity.

We may here remark, that fever, dysentery, measles, small pox, have diminished in their mortality, not by the improvements in medicine alone, but by the knowledge of certain general principles, as to the nature of these maladies, having been extended from medical men, with advantage to the great mass of society; and the diffusion of these principles has thus contributed to the removal of those prejudices which held strong possession of the mind. Formerly among men, women, and nurses, it was the custom in diseases of this character to adhere, as it were, to the doctrines of the immortal Falstaff! and to the evils flowing from sack and strong potations, were added the want of ventilation and cleanliness: to have changed the linen of those labouring under small pox, particularly with open windows for the admission of fresh air, would in former and not very distant times, have been regarded as little short of actual murder. Such opinions and such practice are now discarded, and justly driven from the face of enlightened society; and in place of stimuli and close apartments, cool air, open windows, and refrigerant drink are resorted to (even before the medical man is called) with the greatest advantage to the patient, not only in a curative point of view, but in the alleviation of human sufferings, and in soothing the avenues to death where the means and resources of man are unavailing.

This knowledge as to the nature of the disease and its remedies, confers many advantages on the medical man, by securing to him the efforts of the attendants in the tract which he pursues for the safety of his patient: his exertions would be defeated by ignorance.

To believe that our fellow creatures, by the progress of truth and of knowledge, will be relieved in future from such scenes and sufferings superadded to disease, as bear a strong analogy to the suffocating influence of the black hole at Calcutta, is indeed delightful. The opinions existing at the present moment among society at large, regarding Insanity, are to our judgment, as incorrect as those prevalent in former times on small pox; and we here venture to predict, that when notions as just as to the remedies and curable nature of insanity, shall be entertained by medical men, and society at large, and that relatives are thence induced to adhere to their deranged friends, with the same affection and confidence which is extended to other diseases, the mass of human intellect buried alive, or utterly destroyed by this malady, will be immensely diminished. We shall now proceed concisely to contem-

plate the objects that are involved by this disease; and when this shall be accomplished, we are of opinion, that it will be readily acknowledged, that there is no misfortune assailing human nature, where the general offices of humanity are more imperiously required, by the considerations due to the sufferings of our fellow creatures, or where greater disinterestedness on the side of friends, or more skill and integrity in medical attendants, are called for.

It is certainly true, that almost all the diseases to which we are subject, are more dangerous to life than insanity; and we may also admit, that living under permanent mental derangement, does not in many cases materially abridge the limits of human existence; yet insanity strikes at the whole range of the justly estimated powers and privileges of man, and thus it becomes instrumental in annihilating all that can render life either interesting, or in any degree desirable. The afflictions which this malady also entails on the affectionate and feeling parent, wife, or child, are incalculable; and besides these durable and direct miseries, it diffuses its anxieties through a wide circle of friends and relatives.

Death sinks into insignificance, before such an extended and lasting picture of human sufferings; indeed, that dispensation, awful at all times, and under all circumstances, ought to be hailed as a blessing rather than as a misfortune, in comparison with such protracted evil. These heart-rending pictures, united to the conviction of their being generally susceptible of remedy, and always of alleviation, under judicious arrangements, have impelled our humble talents to a minute investigation of the nature of this disease, and to a vigorous employment of the means of cure, particularly in its early stages. But let us observe, that the duration of this disease, however great, ought not to induce actual despair, because such sentiments preclude the employment of those means, which are calculated to increase the patient's chance of recovery. The duration of the disease, we again repeat, claims more loudly the aid and interference of friends, as nature alone has afforded many examples of recovery from insanity of long standing; and many more would have taken place under such protracted forms of the disease, had not apathy, and an opinion of the impracticability of a cure, too often extended itself to medical men, to friends, and society at large. Whatever the results of

these exertions may be, the consolations that are yielded by a faithful performance of an incumbent duty, will prove a never-failing source of happiness to those who have extended such assistance to their hapless and unfortunate relatives. Medicine and surgery, in the hands of those capable of wielding their powers, have triumphed over diseases more formidable, and more hopeless than insanity; and such an extent of success can only be arrived at in this branch of the profession, by medical men universally directing their attention to its relief. There is no solid reason, why the profession should allow this malady to be insulated; but on the contrary, medical men are called on, by analogy and duty, to apply the same intelligence and zeal to this department, which they extend to other maladies. The same principles of philosophical research, but embracing a more enlarged field; the same gentleness of character, and the same remedies that are employed in other diseases, with so much advantage to mankind, are here also applicable. Such exertions will yield a rich harvest to the immediate friends, and to those members of the profession who are endowed with the feelings of the heart, and who consequently exercise their skill, deeply interested in the alleviation of the miseries of their fellow creatures. Such a system of co-operation, with capacity and promptness on the side of medical men, to afford their aid against the disease in all its stages; and of relatives and of society at large acting under the full conviction of the curable nature of this malady, (which is the true view that ought always to be taken of it, particularly in its early stages) will shed light over this still darkened horizon, and thus will its causes and its cure be placed on a more unerring and certain foundation. Such a spirit of investigation and of attention, will banish the atheistic doctrines from the maladies of the mind, where they must always be productive of mischief. These doctrines have inflicted evils, that are beyond all calculation in the treatment of corporeal derangements; evils that are awful even to glance at. Bodily diseases are, with very few exceptions, in their incipient stages, of the sthenic nature; and we can affirm, that this holds universally true as to the maladies of the mind, on their first impressions; and we do think that had these analogies been more generally known, and duly considered, they would have thrown light on each other. In all cases of corporeal diseases assailing the maniac, and which rendered stimuli necessary for the preservation of life, we have invariably found the mental malady increase. The field of morbid anatomy in this disease has neither been assiduously nor successfully cultivated in Great Britain; and to remedy these defects, the army and navy might be called on, as they present facilities not only in this respect, but for the prosecution of useful experiments and observations on the influence of diet, which would be attended with beneficial other way, and he would have died miserably in a mad-house. Of this we are witnesses; and we only add, "look on this picture, and on this."

Ed.

consequences to mankind at large, by enabling us to correct many existing and widely diffused prejudices as to the powers of food on mind and body. The origin of all correct knowledge of disease is founded in anatomical research, aided by experience in comparing maladies, and the effects of remedies and of diet over them; because by a just estimate of that diet, and of those medicines with the properties of which we are intimately acquainted, we are enabled to arrive at inductions as to the general nature of disease, which are of great importance to the physician, and will often, without any other aid, enable him to accomplish all that is required in establishing the health of his patient. All speculations founded on mere reasoning, however plausible, are always to be cautiously regarded, and must yield to inferences drawn from dissection, and careful observations, which are the true sources of all sound pathology. The desertion of this important tract has led many eminent men to wander widely from the truth; and thus have they been contented with a bangle, or with unfolding a series of ingenious arguments, vastly perfect in the closet; but when brought into the field of action, where the physician and surgeon are to decide the fate of their fellow creatures, they will be found as far removed from truth, as sound reason, by the calmness of its decisions, is removed from insanity. Many of the systems in different branches of knowledge, that have been offered to the world at various epochs, are and emblems of the truth of this opinion; and we may here also observe, that although reason has abandoned the maniac, yet he will be found at times to possess in a very striking degree the reasoning faculty, combined with acuteness of arrangement. The distinction therefore insisted on, by that amiable liberal minded and acute philosopher, Dugald Stewart, between reason and the discursive, or reasoning faculty, is founded in truth, and exemplified with singular force by the maladies of the mind. With the view of impressing on general observation, the actual nature of this disease, we shall trace a few of the phenomena that accompany it, and which bear an analogy to those maladies in the treatment of which abstemious diet and drink are admitted to be useful.

(To be continued.)

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## ARCTIC EXPEDITION: EFFECTS OF THE COLD.

We have at various times laid before our readers such particulars as we have ascer-

† We observe in one of the German publications, alluded to in a preceding note, that in one of their lunatic asylums, so simple an expedient as the game of Nine Pins, has been introduced with the happiest effects upon the minds of the patients. They were at first boisterous, but by a little perseverance, arranging the pins, counting the game, &c. it has come to occupy and tranquilize them wonderfully. In another asylum, at Frankfort, chains and shackles are no longer seen—and three cures are effected, to one formerly.—Ed.

† A remarkable instance of this came under our own observation some time ago. A gentleman in a northern county, who had been several times visited by this distressing malady, was again in such a state as to allow no sentiment but that of despair of his recovery to his afflicted family. He was treated accordingly, though with the utmost tenderness; and had nearly been consigned to that species of care usually resorted to, and which in the majority of cases aggravates the disorder, when, providentially for him and his, such faith in the curative nature of the disease as Dr. Veitch here inculcates, and such a system of medication as he enforces, were happily adopted. In one month the patient was restored to society and to his friends, perfectly cured: one step farther the



tained, connected with the expedition up Lancaster's Sound. The long delay of Capt. Parry's volume enables us still to add something to our original store; and the following remarkable facts, which exemplify the tremendous cold, appear to us to be particularly worthy of a niche in our columns. We can vouch for these circumstances.

When John Smith (one of the men who lost his fingers by the frost) on the 24th of February last, put his hand into a basin of cold water to thaw his fingers; the cold communicated by them to the water was so great, that a thin film of ice was formed on the surface!

The other circumstance demonstrates the extraordinary rapidity with which water was converted into ice, during the time of the intense cold, and is unparalleled in the history of congelation. On the 15th or 16th of February, the morning when the thermometer stood at 55° below Zero, one of the officers, we believe, Mr. Fisher the surgeon, took a bottle of fresh water up to the main top, and poured the water through a cullender; and by the time it reached the roofing of the ship, the drops congealed into irregular spherical pieces of ice, which the mate of the ship, Mr. Crauford, received into a tin dish. The height of the main top was not above forty feet, so that, according to the law of falling bodies, the water must have been frozen in less than two seconds of time!!

### FINE ARTS.

#### *Bust of Mr. West. Sir J. Leicester's Gallery.*

We understand that the marble bust of the late venerable President of the Royal Academy, executed by Mr. Benkes, has been purchased by Sir John Leicester, and will form one of the novelties of this season, in his admirable collection of Modern Art. A connoisseur friend, in acquainting us with this circumstance, and with the intended opening of Sir John Leicester's Gallery on Monday the 2nd of April, observes that this bust establishes the reputation of Mr. Benkes, as a young artist of excellent abilities. Indeed we remember that his chalk drawings from the Cartoons displayed great genius; and from these, and his auspicious commencement in a new line, we anticipate an honourable and successful career for him in his profession.

#### *Discovery of a Magnificent Bath of Rosso Antico. Rome, December 16, 1820.*

The immense treasure of the Vatican museum has received the addition of an antique curiosity, the only one of its kind in the world. The object in question is a bathing tub of 6 feet exterior length, a little more than 3 feet exterior breadth, and almost as much in depth, of one single piece—*rosso antico*. Could the richest prince procure a similar one, even if he would give its weight in gold? This bath, which may probably have been made for one of the Emperors, in the most luxurious ages of Rome, is in per-

fect preservation, and quite clear; that is to say, without the least vein of Chalcedony, or other heterogeneous mixture: it is of an elegant form, and ornamented at the four sides with four fine lions' heads, executed in the best period of the Arts, having as usual rings in their mouths. It was found in a private house in Florence, where several antiquities, which it is said formerly belonged to a collection of the family of Medicis, were offered for sale. Here it had been thrown into a corner, the owner himself not being aware of its value, in consequence of the stone having lost the lustre which it has now begun to resume. Several connoisseurs, who purchased other things there, passed it over, not supposing that such a large mass could be *rosso antico*. It was as last discovered by some gem engravers, who purchased it for a mere trifle, and have since sold it to Government for 9000 Roman piastres.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

#### THE DYING NISER TO HIS GOLD.

Lovely treasure held so fast,  
Must, oh! must we part at last!  
Heirs, my coffers rifling, prying,  
Oh! the dreadful thought of dying!  
Cease reflection, kindly cease,  
And only let me die in peace!

Hark! methinks, I hear them say,  
Hov'ring spirits! quick away!  
What is this creates their joys;  
Gives them pleasure, me annoys;  
Makes them long my death to see—  
Tell me, my gold, can it be thee?

In joy the longing groups appear,  
Assails at once my eyes and ears;  
And hot contentions 'gin to spring.  
Adieu! Adieu! I faint, I die!  
Oh wealth! thou hast thy misery!  
Oh gold! thou hast thy sting.

Greenwich, 31 Jan. 1821.

A. P.

#### *To the Venders of Toys at Peckham Fair.*

To market hops, instead of tops,  
We wish you all would try;  
Inviting Nash to look up cash,  
And customers to buy.

On Marg'ret's Hill 'tis strange to tell,  
Sales were never fewer;  
Tho' in the shade, some still are made,  
With merchant and with brewer.

We fear this plan, they to a man,  
Prefer to open day;  
Like Mr. Nash, may think it trash,  
That we should have Fair Play.

Jan. 27th, 1821.

Planters.

#### POURTRAIT DE FANNIE.

Elle est aimable, elle est jolie,  
Quiconque l'a vue doit l'aimer:  
Fille soumise, douce amie,  
L'amour se plut à la former.  
Lui consacrer toute ma vie,  
Sera mon unique bonheur:  
Puisse je d'une telle amie  
Posséder à jamais le cœur!  
Et toi qui fis naître ma flamme,  
Toi qui causas tous mes tourmens,

\* See L. G. No. 209.

Qui me le trouble dans mon âme,  
Amour, écoute mes sermens.  
Tant que chaque matin l'aurore  
Pour moi paroitra de nouveau,  
Tant que l'aimable et jeune flore  
Fera renaitre ce coteau,  
Je jure que toute ma vie  
Sera consacrée à Fannie.

Par C. J. un de vos abonnés.

15th January, 1821.

### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

#### ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF HIS LATE MAJESTY.

[We have derived these few characteristic traits of the benignity and shrewdness of our late revered Sovereign, from authentic sources.]

*The Tomb-house.*—At the time his Majesty, desiring that himself and family should repose in one, and a less public sepulchre than that of Westminster, had ordered the tomb-house at Windsor to be constructed, Mr. Wyatt, his architect, waited upon him with a detailed report and plan of the design, and of the manner in which he proposed to arrange it for its high and holy purpose... the reception of the remains of royalty. The king went minutely through the whole; and when finished, Mr. Wyatt, in thanking His Majesty, said apologetically, he had ventured to occupy so much of his Majesty's time and attention with these details, in order that it might not be necessary to bring so painful a subject again under his notice. To this the good man replied, "Mr. Wyatt, I request that you will bring the subjects before me whenever you please. I shall attend with as much pleasure to the building of a tomb to receive me when I am dead, as I would to the decorations of a drawing room to hold me while living: for, Mr. Wyatt, if it please God that I should live to be ninety or a hundred, I am willing to stay; but if it please God to take me this night, I am ready to go!"

*Physicians.*—The king said to a gentleman about his person one day, who had just recovered from an indisposition, "Well, Mr. — I hear that you treat the physicians just as I do; I never take any of their stuff. But when I am ill I always rise, as usual, early in the morning: you lie in bed—I believe you are right."

The following delicate but interesting anecdote may, we hope, be related without wounding any feeling. The king's illness in 1804 must be in the memory of every one. Soon after, Mr. T——y, Clerk of the Works at Hampton, was afflicted with mental derangement, and rendered incapable of

performing his duties. His superior officer (the gentleman whose name is used in the first of these anecdotes, and a man whose humanity adorned humanity) felt at the same time much commiseration, and some embarrassment. He consulted Mr. P——ce, who stood high in his royal master's opinion, and told him that he was averse to report the affair to the Treasury, as it might lead to the unfortunate invalid's being superseded; and yet it was a matter which he could hardly, under all circumstances, mention to the king, with the view of obtaining his permission to employ a substitute while the cure of T——y was attempted. Assured by Mr. P——ce that His Majesty might as readily be approached on that subject as on any other, and that in fact he frequently spoke of it, the application was in consequence humbly and respectfully made. The king listened to the story, and heard T——y's disorder described with his wonted placidity, and at last exclaimed—"Poor Devil! Give him fair play!"

*Well turned compliment.*—One day when Sir Isaac Heard was with his late Majesty, it was announced that His Majesty's horse was ready to start for hunting. "Sir Isaac, (said the good Monarch,) are you a judge of horses?" "In my younger days, please your Majesty," was the reply, "I was a great deal among them." "What do you think of this, then?" (said the king, who was by this time preparing to mount his favourite); and without waiting for an answer, added, "we call him *Perfection*." "A most appropriate name," replied the courtly Herald, bowing as His Majesty reached the saddle, "for he bears the best of characters!"

*The King's Horse.*—The favorite charger of George III, named Adonis, was an animal of great beauty and extraordinary sagacity; his affection for his royal master was perhaps equal to either. It is said, that, upon one occasion, when His Majesty visited Cumberland Lodge, the horse, then in the stable, heard his voice, and began neighing and pawing the ground with great violence; the king hearing him went to the door, which seemed only to increase his anxiety. His Majesty knew the cause and said, "Well, well, I must humour him; bring Adonis out." He was saddled and led forth; His Majesty mounted, and rode him for a short time, to the manifest delight of the creature, which appeared conscious of the importance of his burthen; and upon the

king's alighting, he returned to his stall perfectly quiet and satisfied. It is a curious fact, that this horse, which carried the king so long, died mad some time after the Monarch's last attack.

Adonis's skin was perfectly white; he was the only horse the Hanoverian stud had produced for many years, with a skin so pure, although the original breed were all so. The hide of this noble beast is now being stuffed by Leadbitter.

*Royal Reproof.*—The king ordered Mr. S——, a tradesman of some eminence in London, to wait upon him at Windsor Castle at 8 o'clock in the morning of a day appointed. Mr. S—— was half an hour behind the time, and upon being announced, His Majesty said, "desire him to come at eight o'clock to-morrow morning." Mr. S—— appeared the next day again after the time, and received the same command. The third day he contrived to be punctual. Upon his entrance the king said, "Oh! the great Mr. S——! What sleep do you take, Mr. S——?" "Why please your Majesty, I am a man of regular habits; I usually take eight hours; 'too much, too much,'" said the king; "six hours sleep is enough for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool, eight for a fool Mr. S——."

#### LETTERS FROM PARIS.—NO. X.

Paris, Jan. 28, 1821.

The Journals both of Paris and London have frequently entertained their readers with the case of Sir James Crawford, which has been pending for the last two years, and which has just been unexpectedly terminated by a measure of state police. The affair has occasioned considerable scandal, on account of the rank of the individuals concerned in it. The public have been abundantly amused at the expense of both parties, which is invariably the case in all affairs of this sort. It is not my intention here to detail every circumstance that has attracted public curiosity towards the actors in this drama; but now that the business is at an end, I will endeavour to write a history of it, if not after the manner of Tacitus, at least somewhat in the style of Eutropius. Sir James Crawford's case has, for two years, engaged the attention of the idlers of this capital; my recapitulation, which will occupy only a few minutes, will not perhaps fatigue your readers.

Sir James Crawford is, I presume, known in England. I shall merely mention, that at the commencement of the present century, he was British resident at Hamburg, where he rendered himself notorious by the arbitrary arrest of an Irish refugee, named Napier Tandy. This proceeding was declared by Buonaparte to be a violation of the law of

nations, and it afterwards served as a precedent for the arrest of the Duke d'Enghien. Sir James Crawford, being in France at the time of the rupture of the peace of Amiens, was thrown into prison at Valenciennes; but having obtained permission to visit the waters of Aix la Chapelle for his health, he escaped to Bremen, whence he embarked for England; and on his arrival there, published in the newspapers, that, being under no obligation to the French government, he was not bound to keep his parole. I collect these particulars from a *Letter to Sir James Crawford*, addressed to him through the medium of the public press, by an Englishman named Carleton, and to which Sir James made no reply, at least not by the same channel. I of course omit the very uncomplimentary terms in which the author of the letter in question describes the conduct of Sir James.

Sir James Crawford had long been forgotten in this city, when, in the year 1818, he learnt that his uncle, Mr. Quintin Crawford, (who had realized a vast fortune in India, and was then settled in Paris,) was about to present a dowry of 100,000 crowns to his wife's niece, Mademoiselle Dorsay, on her marriage with the Duke de Guiche. From that moment commenced the vexations of the uncle, the rage of the nephew, and the persecutions of the relations. Sir James, without loss of time, wrote to the Duke de la Chatre, first Gentleman of the Court, begging him to prevail on the king not to sign the marriage contract for the Duke de Guiche; and he rode post to Paris from Geneva, (where he was then residing,) to prevent Mr. Quintin Crawford from disinheriting his well behaved and obedient nephew. On reaching Paris, however, he learned that the marriage was just concluded. He immediately addressed a letter to the Duke de Guiche, which he had printed, and which the Duke answered by a written challenge. Eight months elapsed, during which it appears the two parties, like good tacticians, kept a watchful eye on each other, without proceeding to active operations. At last Sir James lost patience, and he launched forth a memoir, in which Mrs. Crawford's family were not spoken of in very flattering terms. Instead of one challenge, as on the former occasion, Sir James now received two; one from the Duke de Guiche, and the other from M. Dorsay. Sir James, knowing that duels are prohibited, took no notice of the challenges; and his antagonists, irritated at not finding him at the place of rendezvous, placarded him through all Paris, in large bills measuring 4 feet by 2. Sir James, who could not walk through the streets without these odious placards staring him in the face, thought it advisable to complain to the police. Then commenced that succession of law suits which has continued up to this day. Having accidentally learnt that he had been spoken of in terms of disrespect in a large party, Sir James commenced actions against the whole company, consisting of Counts, Countesses, Marquesses, &c.; so brilliant an assembly had not for a long time been seen at the Palace of Justice.



The complainant, however, did not lose sight of the main point, namely, his uncle's money; he made one more endeavour to gain an interview with him: but the servants ill-treated him, and he had no resource but to make another complaint to the police. From that period, an audience of the Tribunal of Correctional Police was every week devoted to the affairs of Sir James and his opponents; and that all Paris might take an interest in his cause, he circulated through the coffee-houses a series of memorials, about twelve in number. In one he relates the history of Madame Crawford, commencing with her father, who, he asserts, was a hair-dresser belonging to the Milan theatre. The family considered the publication to be libellous, and accordingly commenced an action against Sir James. It is impossible to guess where this complication of law disputes might have terminated; they at length formed a labyrinth almost too intricate for public attention. Sir James attended the tribunal as regularly as one of the judges;—he was highly indignant whenever a cause was decided against him; and his anger always afforded abundant amusement to those present. Latterly he took it into his head to exclaim in a loud voice, *Vive La Charte!* whenever he was unsuccessful. I know not whether this excited the irritation of the police, or whether the influence of Mrs. Crawford's noble relations contributed to put a stop to these scenes; but the fact is, that Sir James was lately arrested at his own residence, by the agents of the police, and conveyed to Calais to be embarked. The *Moniteur*, with the view, no doubt, of setting at rest the apprehensions of the Crawford family, condescended to announce, as a piece of official news, that Sir James had set sail *with a fair wind*.

In a late memorial, published at Paris some time before his precipitate departure, Sir James renews the history of the rich Mr. Crawford, his uncle, who died during the law proceedings; of Mrs. Crawford, his aunt, and all his own family. He says that the uncle refused to advance money to relieve the distress of his sister-in-law in England, and that the latter hanged herself in despair; that no less than seven nephews have stood in need of assistance, which the uncle withheld from them; while, on the other hand, Mrs. Crawford's family obtained whatever they wanted. He observes, that Mrs. Crawford was married three times by her late husband; once before the municipality, a second time at the English Ambassador's Chapel, by a Protestant minister, and a third time by a Catholic priest at St. Germain. "I have known," (says Sir James) in the course of my life, many men who have married three wives; but my uncle is the only man I ever heard of who married the same wife three times over." This triple marriage, however, is merely the usual ceremony in France, when the parties are of different religions. Sir James also justifies himself against the imputation of violence of temper, which has been laid to his charge. He acknowledges that *warmth carried to excess is a fault*; but, on the other hand,

he asserts, that energy is always found in characters of the most noble and generous stamp.

I must not omit to mention, that the late Mr. Quintin Crawford, the uncle, was always considered a most estimable man, and a great friend to literature; it is not however impossible, that his wife's relations, who are all Dukes and Counts of the old noblesse, may have been somewhat too eager to raise the lustre of their houses with Mr. Crawford's money, at the expence of the interests of his own family.

### THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE.—Last week a tragical melodrama, from the French, was produced, with the usual effect of harrowing up the souls, and delighting the majority of the audience, at this theatre. Its name is *Therese, the Orphan of Geneva*; and it is admirably calculated to fill with pleasure those whose appetite lends them to sup full of horrors. Mariette, a poor damsel, is accused of all sorts of crimes, through the villany of an admirer, one Carwin, an advocate. She undergoes persecutions and hair breadth escapes, like the heroine and the hero in the *Maid and the Magpie*, and *Dog of Montargis*; and is finally absolved and restored to character and felicity. The situations are powerful, and the interest highly wrought up. Miss Kelly is a perfect Naiad, and draws fountains of tears: Mr. Wallack is also eminently deserving of praise, for his energetic personation of Carwin.

#### *The King's visit to the theatres.*

We have great gratification in recording, that his Majesty honoured Drury Lane with his presence on Tuesday, and Covent Garden on Wednesday. The year which has elapsed since the demise of his royal father, has been marked by that abstinence from public amusements which does honour to private feelings, and gives an example of external respect, becoming alike in the highest and lowest stations. But kings are national objects, and we rejoice that his Majesty has taken so early an opportunity of mingling with his people. Loyalty, like love, (notwithstanding poetic fictions, and parting vows,) suffers diminution from absence; and we will venture to say, that the mere sight of a monarch is an excitement to attachment and affection in the breasts of thousands: and few sovereigns were ever more likely to secure this species of homage and regard than George the Fourth, whose personal appearance exemplifies in the strongest manner the maxim of Chesterfield, by being a perpetual letter of recommendation.

The performances at Drury Lane were Artaxerxes, and *Who's Who*. His Majesty was received on his arrival, and conducted to his box, with the usual ceremonies; and fortunately for the representatives of the theatre, who sported full dress and swords on the occasion, they did not allow the latter to trip and tumble them down stairs, as was the case at the last visit of the same royal personage (as Prince Regent); when this mishap befel poor Mr. Whitbread, and his

co-adjutor, Arnold. At 7 o'clock punctually, the King appeared in his box; and the enthusiastic cheers with which he was received, really beggar description. The national anthem was sung by the company, the people all standing, and joining in chorus. It was repeated, and *Rule Britannia* added, after the opera; and a third time at the close of the entertainments. Every time the audience seemed more inclined to sing than to listen. A few very feeble attempts were made to raise a cry of 'Queen'; but they were instantly overwhelmed by cheers, and cries of 'Turn the Scoundrels out.' As the opera went on, the King marked his approbation of many of the passages, by clapping his hands; and when, in *Rule Britannia*, the words occurred of

'Britons never will be slaves,'

he advanced to the front of the box and applauded it most prominently. As the public prints have given a very particular account of the whole, we shall rather notice a few incidents than enter upon a detailed description of the fitting up of the box, which was neither splendid nor in good taste; nor of Miss Wilson's execution, which, either from cold, from over-effort, or from having latterly exerted herself too much, was wiry and inferior to preceding nights, except perhaps in *The Soldier Tired*; nor of Braham's glorious pourings out of volume and harmony, which his Sovereign frequently applauded; nor of the other performers, who deserved the highest approbation.

The crowd began to assemble at the doors of the house about half past 3 o'clock; and when they were opened, the rush for seats was appalling. Every sentiment in the opera and farce that could be applied either to the king or the circumstances of the times, was seized with great avidity, and cheered loudly; particularly that part of the opera, where Artabanus going out to arrest his son, draws his scymetar, and exclaims, "I will protect my king."

Whenever the *drop* fell, or any interval afforded an opportunity, the people jumped upon the benches; those in the pit and galleries were most conspicuous; many waving an handkerchief in one hand and a hat in the other.

His Majesty enjoyed the farce very much. At Munden, in *Sam Dabbas*, he seemed literally convulsed with laughter.

We were much amused in the lower saloon, while endeavouring to reach the staircase. The pick-pockets were, as usual, not inactive, and the crowd excessive. An elderly gentleman, wearing the garb of a clergyman, accompanied by two ladies, seemed almost dying of apprehension for the safety of his pockets and companions. A young man of fashion struggling against the current, unintentionally struck his shoulder; highly incensed, and more alarmed, he pettishly exclaimed, "What are you at, sir?" "I want to get out, sir," said the young man (who had every appearance of a gentleman). *I dare say you do; and with three or four watches I suppose, you scoundrel!*" The effect of this scene was ludicrous to the highest degree, and caused roars of laughter.

At Covent Garden the pieces were Twelfth Night, and the Pantomime: and here similar thronging, cheering, and rejoicing, were manifested. The only variety was a very silly one, namely, the exhibition of a placard in the body of the house, with "Long live George the Fourth" inscribed upon it. We have a great contempt for this sort of dramatic trickery; the spontaneous effusions of loyal affection are the best tributes to a king; and the character of genuine affection is changed and deteriorated by such foreign artifices. We trust that his Majesty will often afford his people opportunities of testifying their sentiments; and that the managers will leave such "weak inventions" to weak causes.

### VARIETIES.

The widow of the celebrated Klopstock died at Hamburg on the 20th ult.

Antiquarian researches are now pursued with great diligence throughout France; and much benefit to history and the arts is predicted from this new activity. The Academy of Inscriptions is overwhelmed with memoirs; and gold medals are presented by the Minister of the Interior to the writers of those which are deemed most valuable.

Great encouragement is also given to the study of the Greek language, which during the revolutionary era had fallen almost entirely into disuse. The colleges are now filled with professors of the highest abilities.

*A Celebrated Preacher.*—The Rev. Dr. — is what is commonly denominated "a celebrated preacher." His reputation, however, has not been acquired by his drawing largely upon his own stores of knowledge and eloquence, but by the skill with which he appropriates the thoughts and language of the great divines who have gone before him. Fortunately for him, those who compose a fashionable audience are not deeply read in the pulpit lore, and accordingly, with such hearers, he passes for a wonder of erudition and pathos. It did, nevertheless, happen that the doctor was once detected in his plagiarisms.—One Sunday, as he was beginning to delight the sprightly beaux and belles belonging to his congregation, a grave old gentleman seated himself close to the pulpit, and listened with profound attention. The doctor had scarcely finished his third sentence, before the grave old gentleman muttered loudly enough to be heard by those near him, "That's Sherlock!" The doctor frowned, but went on. He had not proceeded much farther, when his tormenting interruptor broke out with "That's Tillotson!" The doctor bit his lips, and paused, and again thought it better to pursue the thread of his discourse. A third exclamation of "That's Blair!" was, however, too much, and completely exhausted all his patience. Leaning over the pulpit, "Fellow," he cried, "if you do not hold your tongue, you shall be turned out." Without altering a muscle of his counte-

nance, the grave old gentleman lifted up his head, and looking the doctor in the face, retorted, "That's his own."—*Scrap Book.*

*Astronomy.*—Baron Lindeneau has recently published some observations respecting the diminution of the solar mass. It will be found, he says, that the sun may have been imperceptibly subject to successive diminution since the science of astronomy has been cultivated. Baron Lindeneau supposes the sun's diameter to be 800,000 miles—4,204,000,000 feet, or nearly 2000 seconds. We have not, he observes, hitherto possessed any instrument for measuring the diameter of heavenly bodies to a second. The sun may therefore diminish 12000 of its diameter, or 2,102,000 feet, without the possibility of being perceived. Supposing the sun to diminish daily 2 feet, it would require three thousand years to render the diminution of a second of its diameter visible.

*British Gallery.*—The directors of the British Institution have presented Mr. Martin with two hundred pounds, as a testimony of the value they set upon his performance of Belshazzar.

*Repartee.*—A Paris journal has the following story:—A young actor, attached to one of the theatres royal, offered his services to a proprietor of the Vaudeville, to succeed Gontier. "You think then, sir, that you possess abilities to fill his place?" "Yes, sir, my brother will tell you —" "But Gontier played many parts—lovers, disguised characters." "That's very true; but my brother —" "Oh, I know your brother; he is a clever man; but Piron also had a brother, who could not have done the *Métromanie*." "I have nevertheless reason to believe that my services would be of advantage to the Vaudeville, and agreeable to the public; for before he made his debut at your theatre, Gontier was hissed at the Opera Comique." "Granted; and in the whole field of comparison, that is the only point of resemblance that exists between him and you."

A French journal mentions the following instances of longevity which have occurred in the Commune of Albère, at the foot of the Pyrenees. On the 10th of May last, Jean Verdagné, a farmer, died at the age of 102. On the 29th of July following, Margaret Rigail died, aged 104. On the 7th of October, Anne Tronijo expired at the age of 100 years and six months.

*Dramatic Chit-chat.*—The Paris papers mention that Joly, one of their favourite actors, has set out for London, to perform his *Proverbs* at the Argyle Rooms. He is a capital imitator, and mimicks the principal French actors to admiration.

On Tuesday week Garcia appeared at the opera at Paris, in the *Barber of Seville*, for the first time since the fatal accident which cost poor Naldi his life. Garcia himself does not seem to have entirely recovered from his wound; his eyes still appear very weak. The audience testified by loud plaudits their sympathy for his misfortune. Miss Naldi, who has returned to London, will revisit Paris in April next, where she is to form one of the Italian company.

### LITERARY NOTICES.

A new work, entitled, *Le Solitaire*, by Vicomte d'Arincourt, the author of the *Karoleide*, is mentioned in the literary circles of Paris. It is a kind of poem in prose, and is intended to revive remarkable historical recollections.

Dr. Tully, who had resided long in the Mediterranean, has, we are informed, made very elaborate observations on the plague, and will publish on the subject.

Dr. Davy, whose pen has enriched the pages of several of our philosophical contemporaries with communications from Ceylon, is also, we understand, about to produce an account of his observations on that country, the greatest plague of which is neither wild beasts nor venomous serpents, but — *leaches!*

Hall's Treatise on Mineralogy is about to be republished in a new form at Paris. The theoretical part is to appear as a separate work. New editions of the Treatise on Crystallography, and Elementary Treatise, are also announced.

An elegant translation of Voltaire's *Zadig* into modern Greek, has been published at Constantinople.

*Contents of the Journal des Savans for Dec. 1820.*

I. Knatchbull, Harethi Moullakah—Reviewed by M. Silvestre de Sacy.

II. Belzoni's Narrative, &c.—M. Letronne.

III. Strabo's Geography in French.—M. Raoul Rochette.

IV. Voltaire, Poesies inedites; &c.—M. Daunou.

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

FEBRUARY 1821.

Thursday, 1 — Thermometer from 43 to 52.

Barometer from 30, 37 to 30, 31.

Friday, 2 — Thermometer from 44 to 52.

Barometer from 30, 13 to 30, 30.

Saturday, 3 — Thermometer from 29 to 48.

Barometer from 30, 26 to 30, 10.

Sunday, 4 — Thermometer from 30 to 48.

Barometer from 29, 94 to 30, 10.

Monday, 5 — Thermometer from 25 to 35.

Barometer from 30, 58 to 30, 75.

Tuesday, 6 — Thermometer from 30 to 40.

Barometer from 30, 74 to 30, 68.

Wednesday, 7 — Thermometer from 25 to 44.

Barometer from 30, 67 to 30, 62.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PHILO complains of the brief article on climbing-boys, in our last, as being neither literary nor scientific: to which we answer, that we have always considered HUMANITY to be the purest end of literature, and the noblest part of all science.

To our correspondent, whose seal bears the impress of an ASS, we beg leave to intimate, that the Herald's College does not allow any person to have his own portrait for his crest.

T. D. H. of Hull, has our thanks; but in our limited publication, we cannot insert grave and moral essays (however ably written) without excluding from it those temporary features which essentially constitute its plan.

The conclusion of Germanicus, and several other articles, Poetry, &c., are postponed for want of room.



### Miscellaneous Advertisements, Connected with Literature and the Arts.

Public Monument in honour of his late Majesty  
King George the Third.

AT A MEETING of the COMMITTEE and  
SUB-COMMITTEE, held on Saturday, January  
27th, 1821,

The MARQUIS of DONEGALL, in the Chair,  
It was resolved unanimously,  
That the following Prospectus be submitted to the  
Public, preparatory to the opening of a Subscription  
for carrying the same into effect.

#### PUBLIC MONUMENT

To commemorate the glory of the longest reign of  
any British Sovereign, the exalted virtues of his late  
Most Excellent Majesty, and the devoted affection of a  
most loyal people; to consist of a Statue of his late  
Majesty King George the Third, in a Car, drawn by  
four horses, accompanied by figures of Fame and  
Victory. The whole to be executed in bronze, and  
raised on a massive pedestal of granite, containing on  
the four sides bas-reliefs, representing his late Majesty  
encouraging the Fine Arts in one, another, Agriculture,  
in a third, Religion, and in a fourth, Commerce.

The whole group to be considerably larger than life,  
and to be erected in a most conspicuous part of the  
metropolis.

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of Great Britain.

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and Quarterly Subscribers in proportion.

N. B. Private Boxes for the Theatre by the Night.

MR. CHRISTIE has the honor very respect-  
fully to announce to the curious in Ancient  
Arms and Armour, that he will Sell by Auction, in  
Pall Mall, London, on Wednesday, the 16th of March,  
and following days; and on Wednesday, the 4th of  
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Weapons, highly interesting to Antiquaries, and to the  
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other suits obtained from Munich during the late war.  
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Shields embossed and painted from designs of L. da  
Vinci and M. Angelo, by Cellini, and other great Cla-  
ssic artists, which have been collected at vast expence  
from various parts of Europe; oriental beautiful weapons  
of the late Tippoo Sultan, and other articles of the most  
costly materials, and exquisite workmanship. At the  
same time, the Stock of Curiosities at the Gothic Hall,  
Pall Mall, the Proprietor having sold the premises, and  
being about to retire.

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4to. Philosophical Transactions, 18 vols.; Prevost's His-  
toire des Voyages, 19 vols.; Aikin's general Biography,  
10 vols.; Otley's History of Engraving, 3 vols. 1 p.;  
Martin's Works, coloured plates; Edwards's Birds, 7  
vols. coloured plates, and other coloured works in nat-  
ural history. 8vo. Harleian Miscellany, 12 vols. 1 p.;  
Biographical Dictionary, 22 vols.; Clarendon's History  
of the Rebellion, 6 vols. illustrated; Seward's Anecdotes,  
4 vols. illustrated; Burnett's History of his own Time, 4  
vols. illustrated; Monthly Review, 148 vols.; also the  
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Dryden, Evelyn, Fielding, Goldsmith, Gray, Gress, Gib-  
bon, Hogarth, Home, Hope, Ben Jonson, Milton, Pope,  
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Smollet, Tacitus, Voltaire, and other classic authors of  
the best editions, in elegant bindings; also a few very  
finely illuminated Roman missals, in high preservation, and  
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late political arrangements, and amended by incorpo-  
rating the new information furnished by recent travel-  
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